

## Midnight Madness by ghiblitteritory

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**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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**Summary:**

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## Midnight Madness

“What the hell do you mean you didn’t like it?”

Another Friday night in Hawkins. Late, untouched for a few hours. Only street lights lit up the way around town. It was quiet.

All of a sudden, though, the air filled up with excitement and chatter as kids of all ages stepped out from The Hawk Theater. Everyone was vibrating with energy from the movie, running down the roads and cramping themselves into cars. This was, surprisingly, not an unnatural occurrence. Ever Friday night in summer, The Hawk held their Midnight Madness showing- usually consisting of monster movies. It was all the rage with the kids in the county, all piling up into the theater the best they could to catch some action. It kept them entertained, and on the side, gave parents a minute’s peace.

As the rest of the kids left the downtown area, six stragglers stepped out side by side. One in the middle, hands holding a bunch of buttery popcorn, gave one of his friend’s a strange look. His question had gone unanswered, regarding the movie they had all seen. “Well? What’s the deal, Will?” The target of the question- Will Byers- gave a shrug as he kicked a rock in front of him.

“I just didn’t like it. Why were they even fighting?”

“Because it’s *Frankenstein* and the *Wolf Man* .” Another boy piped up. Will rolled his eyes. “So? That doesn’t mean they have to fight each other, Lucas. It would have been cooler if they had teamed up or something.”

“That’s not how that works!” The first boy declared, shoving popcorn into his mouth and wiping butter on his pants. “Why would they team up to begin with? They’re monsters, that doesn’t cross their minds!”

“Actually, Dustin,” One of the only girls in the group spoke up, blowing away a strand of red hair. “It can. They have brains, and are pretty human most of the time.” “Max, don’t argue with the expert on the characteristics of monsters. You’ll lose.”

Lucas almost stopped in his tracks, giving Dustin a face. “You are *not* an expert on monster movies. That goes to Mike. Right?”

All of them looked to the last members of their group, who hadn’t spoken a word. Mike Wheeler and Jane Hopper. They hadn’t even been listening to the others, whispering amongst themselves. The rest of them shared a knowing look, and Dustin nudged Mike. “Whatcha chattin’ about over there?” Mike jumped a little, whipping his head around.

“Uh, we were just... talking about the movie. It wasn’t bad.” “But it could have been better.” Will muttered, bringing Dustin’s attention to him. “There is nothing better than Frankenstein fighting the Wolf Man! Absolutely nothing!”

What a discussion, Mike thought to himself. He tuned out the argument and looked back at Jane, her brows furrowed in confusion. “What are they talking about?”

“They’re just jazzed about the movie.” Mike offered, taking her hand. “Don’t worry, they aren’t being serious. Did you like it, though?” He asked. Jane nodded, lacing her fingers with his. “Yeah. It was... Groovy?” She sounded uncertain, biting her lip. Mike gave a soft laugh. “You used it right, if that’s what you’re wondering about.”

“Oh.” Jane said. “Good. I always get words like that mixed up with other ones.” She shrugged.

For another little while, the group walked from downtown to their neighborhood of tangling streets. They stopped at the end of Will’s driveway, watching him go in. “Goodnight, Will!” Mike called up to him. “Don’t let the Wolf Man get you!” Dustin said quickly, cursing as Will flipped him off. They continued their trek as they dropped all the others off- Dustin dipped into his house muttering about the argument still, and Max and Lucas stood on the Sinclair’s porch for a minute after the final two had left them be. It was just Mike and Jane now, swinging their hands between them in the night. Mike held back a tune that had been stuck in his head since they left the theatre, and Jane looked down at her shoes, shuffling along. Once Mike took a sneak peek at her, he stopped. “Hey, you okay?”

Jane looked up, nodding. “Yeah. I’m just tired.” She admitted. “Oh. That makes sense. I mean, the movie did go pretty late.” Mike muttered. “I’d say you could just come sleep at my place, but-” “My dad might kill you.” She smiled. He huffed nervously, but smiled back. “Yeah. And Nancy would never let me hear the end of it.”

She laughed a little bit, bumping her shoulder into his. “Aw, does she tease you about that stuff often?” “Yeah, it’s annoying.” Mike said. He let go of her hand after a minute, wrapping his arm around her shoulders and tugging her close. “But, hey- we have tomorrow to hang out, too. We were thinking about going to the lake. Is your dad

okay with that?”

“Probably.” Jane shrugged. “But I’ll go either way.”

That made Mike bite back a smirk, and they walked in silence the rest of the way. When they got to Mike’s house, the silhouette of the Sheriff’s car stood out against their porchlight. Mike sighed and stepped away from Jane. “Well, guess you need to go.” He muttered. They looked at each other, still feeling light despite the fact that they had to go. “Goodnight, El.”

Jane bit her lip, not saying anything but quickly stepping forward and kissing his cheek. “Goodnight, Mike. See you at the lake.”

With that, she dashed to Hopper’s car, jumping in. Mike watched it drive away, off to wherever it was they stayed. He put a hand on his cheek, grinning stupidly.

“See ya there. Totally.”

### **Author's Note:**

Whoo, 60's au!! I've been planning this for too long, but I might make it a series.